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THE CROCODILE GIVES A DINNER PARTY.

A wily crocodile
Who dwelt upon the Nile
Bethought himself one day to give a dinner.
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all with me,
And shall considered be—as I'm a sinner?"

With paper, pen and ink,
He sat him down to think;
And first of all, Sir Lion he invited;
The Northern Wolf who dwells
In rocky Arctic dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united.

Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd—
No lover, he of good—
And Madame Duck with sober step and stately;
And Mr. Frog serene
In garb of bottle green,
Who warbled bass, and bore himself sedately.

Sir Crocodile, content,
The invitations sent.
The day was come—his guests were all assembled;
They fancied that some guile
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait,
Their hunger waxes great;
And still the host in conversation dallies.
At last the table's laid,
With covered dishes spread,
And out in haste the hungry party sallies.

But when—the covers raised—
On empty plates they gazed,
Each on the other looked with dire intention;
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small—
She softly swallowed him and made no mention!

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying: "By your leaves,
Some punishment is due for this transgression."
He gobbled her in haste,
Then, much to his distaste,
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession!

The Wolf, without a pause,
In spite of teeth and claws,
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story;
The Leopard, all irate
At his relation's fate,
Made mince meat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head:
"Since I am king," he said,
"It ill befits the king to lack his dinner!"
Then on the Leopard sprang,
With might of claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted sinner—

Then saw in sudden fear
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak with feelings of distraction:
"Since all of you have dined
Well suited to your mind,
You surely can not grudge me satisfaction!"

And sooth, a deal of guile
Lurked in his ample smile,
As down his throat the roaring lion hasted;
"Economy, with me,
Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

—*Good Cheer.*

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

"Till death us do part," rang out the low, clear voice of the officiating minister throughout the quiet church. And "Till death us do part" spoke the man who knelt before him; and "Till death us do part" in her turn repeated the woman.

Thus they plighted their troth in the face of the world and before Heaven, that man and woman, Humphrey Carbonel and Emma Crane. They had promised to love and cherish and honor each other, and he to comfort her and she to obey him in sickness and in health, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, *until death did them part!*

May breezes stole softly in through the open porch; May violets filled the air with perfume; May birds were singing; May dews yet sparkled on the jeweled grass. It was a true bridal morning; and, amid the almost Sabbath stillness and the spring-tide loveliness, the vows were exchanged that made them one.

Until death! The lover-husband glanced down upon the timid girl whose hand lay in his, feeling suddenly how terrible was that word—*death!* Why should the thought have come to him? He clasped the trembling hand closer, as if he felt already the chilling of those warm pulses. Even in the midst of the solemn service, his imagination traveled forward to a day when those solemn promises would have been fulfilled, and death had ended all—*her* death. It did not occur to Captain Carbonel to think that it might be his own.

The young girl, happy and smiling in her bridal robes, never once thought of death at all. How should she? And how—still less, *how*—could either of them call up a picture of something worse than death to break the marriage vow?

A young couple they, supremely happy on that May morning. Sunshine, and glistening dew, and opening flowers, and the joyous song of birds—*they* do not put forth notions of winter-chill and gloom. No, nor portend it.

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!"

The tremulous voice of the clergyman, for he was agitated, pronounced those words very solemnly. The smile upon the bridegroom's lip echoed but that of his heart. *Who* should have power to put asunder two who loved so well? And Emma? She thought only of the strong, manly form by her side. It was the old, old story of the oak and the vine. The present happiness was perfect, and the future would be like unto it; nay, much more abundant.

So reason we in our blindness, in the inexperienced youth of our early morning, when the glamour of hope is upon us, and all looks radiant. Later, standing before the calm-faced teacher, whose name is Life, we learn that no earthly existence is perfect; that the sunniest life hath shadows, and that the sweet spring-time, the brightest summer, must give place to faded flowers, to dying leaves.

"You cannot have Emma unless you retire altogether from the army, or get put upon half-pay," had said Emma Crane's stern old guardian to Captain Carbonel; for she had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. And Humphrey Carbonel, tired perhaps of a soldier's idle life, for all the world seemed to have been at peace for ages and likely to remain so, got put upon half-pay.

Sure never did a couple begin life under more promising auspices! They had a pretty homestead of their own—it was Emma's, not his—amid a small colony of other pretty homesteads, and they had between them a handsome competency, and there was pleasant society around; and life was as delightful as a morning dream.

A child was born to them, but it died. That brought sorrow. No other child came, and time went on. And here some lines that I met with in a periodical in youthful days occur to me. I don't know whose they are. If I knew then I have forgotten:

"Alas, that early love should fly,
That friendship's self should fade and die;
And glad hearts pine with cankering fears,
And starry eyes grow dim with tears!
For years are sad and withered things,
And sorrow lingers, and joy has wings;
And falsehood steals into sunny bowers,
And Time's dull footstep treads on flowers.
And the waters of life flow deep and fast,
And they bear to the sorrowful grave at last."

Why should the lines be put in here? Because they just express the altered condition of things that fell upon Humphrey and Emma Carbonel. They grew estranged from one another, hardly knowing how, or why. He said she no longer cared to please him, her husband; she said he liked other wives better than her—that he gave them all his attention and gave her none. And again time went on.

Seven times had the May violets opened their blue eyes in the mossy dells since that lovely day when he and she had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did them part; seven times the May dew-drops had made the green meadows all aglow with sparkles; and seven times the sweet spring flowers had faded beneath the scorching heat of summer. Ah, if violets had been the only things that had died out in those seven years!

It was May again now. But it brought no cherished bridal flowers to Humphrey Carbonel and his wife, no clasping of hands, no fulfillment of love's glorious prophecy. Estrangement had but deepened, and they were parting in pride and anger. Tired with the state of affairs at home—the unbending coldness, the resentful tones, the cruel bickerings in which both indulged—Captain Carbonel had got placed on full service again. He was going out to be shot at, if fate so willed; for we were at war now.

The day of departure dawned, and they parted with bitter words. Heaven and their own hearts knew how much or how little they suffered; there was no outward sign of it. People, who had ceased to wonder at the suspected estrangement between Captain and Mrs. Carbonel, said to one another that it was brave of him to go out voluntarily to the wars. "Marlbrouck s'en-va-t-en-guerre!" So he went off with an indifferent countenance and a jaunty air; and she stayed behind equally jaunty, equally indifferent.

One year passed on. Emma Carbonel began to feel lonely, to sicken of her unsatisfactory life. Bit by bit she had grown to see that she and Humphrey had been but foolish, both of them, the one as much as the other. Did he feel the same? It might be. Yet their letters continued to be of the scantiest and coldest.

Another year dragged itself on, and then she made no pretense of keeping up the farce of resentment to her own heart. Time, generally speaking, shows up our past mistakes in their true colors. Emma Carbonel longed for her husband to come home, she grew feverishly impatient to be reconciled. Mariana in the Moated Grange was a favorite reading of hers just now—

"She said: 'I am a weary, weary,
He cometh not,' she said:
'He cometh not, and all is dreary—
I would that I were dead!'"

Humphrey Carbonel came not. Nothing came but the details of the fighting; wars, and rumors of wars.

May was in again; another May. Mrs. Carbonel sat at her window in the twilight of a chilly, drizzling day. The gloom without harmonized with the gloom within. And yet, hardly so. The rain might be cold, dreary, dispiriting, but it was nothing as compared with the desolation of her heart. Childless, and worse than widowed! She had hoped, ah! for a year or two now, that Humphrey's old love for her might overrule his pride and bitterness, and prompt him to write to her a word of tender regret for their conduct to one another. But he did not. She was feeling it all to her heart's core this miserable evening; unavailing remorse lay heavily upon her; she wished she could die and end it. No sign of reconciliation had passed since they parted in pride and anger; not a word of repentance on either side had crossed the dreary gulf that flowed between them. Words of another poet, dead and gone, floated through her mind as she sat. Night and day lately they had seemed to haunt it.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth—
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above.
And life is thorny, and youth is vain:
And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Should she go mad? There came moments when she feared she should if this state of things continued. A week ago there had been some talk in the papers that the war would, in all probability, soon be over. Then Humphrey would come home again.

Her thoughts turned to this phase; she began to dwell upon it, and what it would involve to him and to her. Presently she lost herself in fond anticipations, realizing it all as in a picture. Somehow she felt a strange nearness to him, as if he were coming then, were almost there. She heard the rain beating against the windows, and she glanced to see that the fire in the grate was bright when he came in. She gazed beyond the house gates down the road in the gathering gloom, almost, *almost* expecting to see him approach, as she used to see him in the days gone by. She had been wretchedly lonely so long now: and she wanted to hear his footstep in the hall, to feel his caressing hand on her sunny hair, and to hear his bright words. "Good evening, Emma, my dear!" It did not seem strange to her that this should happen, or that she was expecting it, though she had never once had this feeling through all these separated years. It did not seem marvelous that he should come thus from beyond seas without notice. Had he opened the door and stood there by her side she would not have felt startled or surprised, or at all wondered at it. The bewilderment wrought by long-continued sorrow has stolen over her senses.

But Humphrey did not come. Only, instead, the postman came in at the gate, and knocked at the door. Mechanically she wondered why he was so late this evening. She heard the servant who answered the knock say the same to the man.

"Yes, it's late," he answered. "A mail from the war is in, you see; and it brought a good many letters."

The woman came in with a thick letter and the lights. Her mistress took it with nervous haste. A *thick* letter, and from her husband! until now his letters had been of the thinnest and slightest. The writing—*was* it Humphrey's? Why, yes, it was his; but what could make it look so shaky? She opened it carefully, and some inclosures fell out. A fond letter or two of hers written to him after their marriage, during a temporary separation; a curl of her sunny hair; a plain gold ring which he had worn ever since his wedding-day; and a little folded note with a few trembling lines in it.

"I am dying, Emma. Fell to-day in battle. God forgive us our folly, my precious wife! I believe we loved one another all the while. There is another Life, my dear one. I shall be waiting for you there.—Humphrey."

Emma Carbonel did not cry, did not faint. She lay back in a low, large chair, her meek hands clasped in supplication, praying to be pardoned for all her hard wickedness to her dead husband, feebly beseeching God, in His mercy, to take her to that better life.

The next day the papers published a list of the fallen. Fifteen soldiers and two officers, one of the latter being Captain Humphrey Carbonel.

So it was all over. Death had parted them. They had taken their marriage vows to love and to cherish one another until death did them part—and lo! now it had stepped in to do its work.

Ah! but something else had stepped in previously: angry passions indulged in, malice not suppressed. But for that, Humphrey Carbonel had never gone out to the fatal plain where death was indiscriminately putting in his sickle. Emma Carbonel would have given now her own life to recall the past.

Experience must be bought; sometimes all too dearly. She saw how worse than foolish it is, taking it at the best, to render our short existence here one of marring anger. Evil temper bears us up at the moment, but time must bring the reaction, and the repentance. A little forbearance on both sides, especially on hers, a few soothing words, instead of spiteful retorts, and this bitter retribution had not been hers; or his, in dying. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." If they had but obeyed the words of holy writ!

And now what was left to them? Death had claimed him, and all was over. To her, a life-long time of anguished remorse, a vain longing to undo what could never be undone in this world. Could not some of us, hot and hasty in our dealings, learn a lesson from it?

But something better was in store for Emma Carbonel. Humphrey did not die. Within a week the news came to her that the injuries, which had induced a death-like swoon, mistaken at the time for death, had not yet been fatal, He was removed to the hospital, was being treated there by skilful surgeons, and the issue was as yet uncertain.

The issue was not for death, but life. Some months later he came home, a maimed soldier, bearing about him marks which time would never efface.

Just at the dusk of evening, as she had pictured it in her fond dream, he came. When the fly drove up to the door with him, she was surprised, for he was not expected until the next day. He came in slowly, limping. The bustle over, the servants shaken hands with, he lay back, fatigued, in the easy chair, Emma kneeling before him, clinging to him in passionate emotion, tears streaming from her eyes, whispering to him in deprecating terms to forgive her.

"Upon condition that you forgive me, Emma," he answered, agitated as herself. "It has been a sharp experience for us both. My darling wife, I do not think we shall ever quarrel with one another again."

"Never again; never a single misword again, Humphrey, so long as life shall last."—*Argosy*

A Slam-Bang Doctor Dead.

Death has just carried off old Doctor Newton, whose sensational "cures" of all sorts of ailments, from lumbago down to a sore toe, made him a prominent figure among the humbugs of Gotham several years ago. When the doctor was in his glory he had an office in St. Mark's Place, near Cooper Institute. The lame, the halt and the blind gathered there in crowds every day. They sometimes blocked the sidewalk so much that policemen had trouble clearing a way for pedestrians. The fame of Doctor Newton spread all over the city and through the surrounding country. There was nothing that he could not cure. And he gave no medicine. He cured everything by touch. The touch was often a pretty rough one, such as giving a rheumatic sufferer a thump between the shoulders and a drive forward, and telling him to step out. The thump and the drive generally made the sufferer step out in some way. In one corner of his office the doctor had a collection of old walking-sticks and crutches. These relics of decrepitude testified to his skill. They had been left behind by people he had cured, who had no further use for them. Men and women crawled into his office by the aid of sticks and crutches, and came out as spry as if nothing had ever been the matter with them. So, at least, ran the reports that were circulated every day. And a great many believed them. They reached the newspapers, and reporters were sent to witness the doctor's operations and write them up. The reporters seemed to be skeptical, and their reports of what they had seen were not calculated to make the general public believe very firmly in Dr. Newton. He was finally complained of as a nuisance in the neighborhood on account of the motley crowds he drew, and after a while he moved away. That was some twelve or fifteen years ago. He gradually passed out of notice, and many to whom his name was once familiar had forgotten him altogether when the announcement of his death was made a couple of days ago. His age was seventy-three. Newton called himself a "healer." His whole method was slam-bang. Any one who got a thump from him between the shoulders was sure to remember it a month any way.—*N. Y. Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

"A Burnt Child Dreads the Fire."

Republican journals, we observe, have discovered that Mahone is a very poor Republican after all, and that his utter and final defeat will be no very serious misfortune to the party. This change of tune has a sweet suggestiveness which can not be overlooked. Mahone is now just as good a Republican as he ever was, and he was considered so good a one even by the lamented Garfield that the Federal patronage in Virginia was placed in his hands unconditionally, to be disposed of as he saw fit. It is rather late in the day for Republicans to find fault with their purchase. Mahone, elected to the Senate as a Democrat by Democratic votes, offered himself for sale and named his price. The Republicans bought him and paid the price without defalcation or discount. They knew exactly what they were getting and were glad to get it. Such highly moral organs as the New York *Tribune* rejoiced greatly over the infamous transaction. Mahone was a prodigal son returning to his father's house, and a dozen fatted calves were none too many for the celebration of the family reunion. He could have and should have as many "rings on his fingers and bells on his toes," in the shape of offices, as he wanted, for was he not the predestined leader of a new Southern departure? the advance guard of a mighty host of Southern Democrats who were to desert Democracy and join the Republicans? Who does not remember the storm of congratulation over what was facetiously called "the conversion of Mahone?" Who does not remember the Republican predictions in regard to the tremendous effect this "conversion" would have upon the solid Democratic South? Mahone's example—so said these prophets—would be imitated in every Southern State, and in a few years a prominent and influential Southern Democrat could not be found without a search warrant. There has been a fearful disappointment, of course, but is Mahone to blame for it? He has faithfully fulfilled the terms of his contract, and what more could be asked of him? If Southern Democrats saw the treason and despised and damned the traitor, was it his fault? Republicans are not particularly popular in the South, even the best of them; and a Republican, made such by open and unblushing bribery, is naturally and inevitably an object of deepest detestation. The Republican party paid Mahone for his treachery, and Southern Democrats paid him again, in a different way, and will continue to pay him as long as he lives—and afterwards.

The fact is—and this is what galls and digusts the Republican purchasers—Mahone has done the party far more harm than good. It was odious enough in the South before, but he has managed to make it still more odious. Not only this, but his methods in Virginia have not merely demoralized and disorganized the Republicans in that State, but sickened the better class in the North. At the very time this class were trying to get rid of the curse of "bossism" in New York and Pennsylvania, the spectacle of the meanest "bosses" in Virginia, supported by a Republican Administration, was not pleasant to look upon. Conkling and Cameron were angels of light compared with Mahone. They had some decency and dignity even in their worst acts; he had none, and did not pretend to any. From first to last he has been "on the make," and the fraud, corruption and rascality which Northern Republican "bosses" tried to conceal, this Southern Republican "boss" flaunted in the face of the world. To "assume a virtue if you have it not" was foreign to his nature, for virtue was not in his line of business, and the semblance of it might embarrass him. So he has gone on in his own way, and a very pretty way it is when studied from the stand-point of human depravity and impudence. The Republicans have got Mahone; now let us see them get rid of him. He is, for them, a veritable "Old Man of the Sea," firmly seated on the shoulders of the party, and resolved to ride as long as legs and lungs hold out. The party has made itself responsible for him and his, and that responsibility is an uncommonly heavy burden, as Republicans are now ascertaining to their sorrow and shame. It is safe to say that the next Mahone in the market will not be snapped up as quickly as was the present one. "A burnt child dreads the fire."—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Dorsey Exposures.

The reception of the late expose of the secrets of the Republican campaign of 1880 is just about what we supposed it would be on the part of the Republican journals. They are violently angry and declare the whole thing a tissue of falsehoods, fabricated by Dorsey's well-known ingenuity in a spirit of revenge and desperate malice. That is one wing of their defense, or rather apology for defense. The other is an assumption of grief and indignation that any such charge or charges should now be brought, when the man against whom they are mainly directed is no longer alive to defend himself. We are sorry that they are so shocked by the bad taste of those who give these charges to the public, and if only the individual was concerned we should join them in their desire to throw the mantle of charitable silence over the memory of the dead. But that is not the point. History never admits a *nol pros.* Whatever the candidate of the Republican party may have done in 1880 he did to a considerable extent in the name of that party and with the knowledge and consent, if not approval, of many of the leading men in it. We will admit that so far as Dorsey's statements stand alone, they must be accepted with the greatest caution, if not suspicion. But, on the other hand, it will not do to say that they are falsehoods simply because of a general impression that Dorsey is entirely capable of falsehood. If it is falsehood, it is remarkably ingenious and workmanlike. What Dorsey has said merely supplies the connection to certain detached facts with which the public is acquainted independently of the recent Secretary of the Republican Committee. It is a fact that Dorsey knew more about the whole arrangement of ways and means in the campaign of 1880 than any other man. It is a fact that Garfield and his friends were very much demoralized and panic stricken when Dorsey was invited to assume the whole responsibility and almost absolute powers in the conduct of that remarkable campaign. It is a fact that after the Fifth Avenue conference there was a sudden revival of confidence on the part of leading Republicans without any apparent reason for it, and that immediately after, with as little apparent reason, there was a sudden change in the political complexion of Indiana. It is a fact that Garfield wrote to his "dear Hubbell" that he hoped Brady was doing well in the departments, and looked to his unusual resources for assistance in his embarrassment. It is a fact that a dinner was given to Dorsey in New York, after the election, to acknowledge his skill as a dispenser of "soap," to admit that he saved Indiana with money, and leading Republicans, Garfield among the number, were either present or sent their profound acknowledgments of the worth and value of Mr. Dorsey in the campaign. When we refresh our minds with all these facts we hardly need the testimony of Dorsey or any one else to fill out the story. Instead of there being any improbability about the latter's statement, it fits the established truth like its complement. It is the missing half of a torn leaf. The Jay Gould and Stanley Matthews incident is not dependent upon Dorsey for substantiation. Why has not the *Tribune* something to say about that part of it? Its editor knows considerable about it, or is said to, at least. We believe now as we believed at the time that the Republican campaign of 1880 was one of the blackest, most corrupt and most desperate conspiracies of the century. If new light can be thrown upon the details history demands the revelation, and the testimony of the man who has turned people's evidence becomes valuable, like all evidence of that kind, only as it harmonizes with and strengthens facts already known.—*Boston Post.*

A Blighting Sirocco.

The address of the National Union League to the faithful Republicans of the United States is a soul-stirring document. In its own eloquent language, it will sweep over "this beautiful country with all these splendid institutions" and save it from "the blighting sirocco of Democratic rapacity."

But the address is not disposed to rely upon trenchant phrases alone in the approaching struggle. It desires to impress on the citizens of the United States the many virtues of the grand old party which some inconsiderate and selfish persons are proposing to drive from power.

"The Republican party stands to-day the champion and protector of a free ballot and pure elections, and demands the security by law of the right of every man to vote in accordance with his own convictions" says the address.

Yes; and in proof of the proud and patriotic boast comes a competent witness, in the person of the late Secretary of the Republican National Committee, and says: "We expended $400,000 in the October election in Indiana. Five thousand reliable Republicans scattered among the townships reported how much it would take to influence people to a change of thought. We paid twenty dollars to some and as high as seventy-five dollars to others. But then this wasn't a patch to New York, where our chief implements were hot work, sharp trades, quiet bargains and a golden stream from Stevenson's Bank."

In corroboration of which comes another witness, Brady by name, the Republican Second Assistant Postmaster-General appointed by Grant, protected by Hayes, screened by Garfield and acquitted under Arthur. The witness admits that he raised $40,000 out of the Star-route contractors for the Indiana campaign in 1880, and says: "Dorsey went to General Arthur and he was willing to give written authority for the collection of the money, but the authority should come from Garfield. This was communicated to Garfield, who thereupon wrote the Jay Hubbell letter. I didn't think I needed any better authority, and I raised the money at once. As a matter of personal pride I spent $5,000 out of my own pocket."

After this Republican testimony, who can question that the Republican party stands to-day the champion and protector of a free ballot, a pure election and the right of every man to vote in accordance with his own convictions?

But is the vindication of the purity of the ballot-box all the grand old party has done to entitle it to be saved from "the blighting sirocco of Democratic rapacity?" Oh, no! "The history of the Republican party is all brilliantly studded with the gems of righteous government; it has punished misconduct in its own ranks; it has demanded faithfulness to the country," says the address.

Dazzling record! And in proof of the punishment of misconduct in the ranks of the G. O. P. stands forth—

Orville E. Babcock, private secretary to President Grant. Indicted by a Grand Jury for participation in the whisky ring conspiracy by which the Government was defrauded of many millions of dollars. Saved by the President's influence and the improper charge of a Judge who afterwards resigned the dignity of a judgeship for life to become the attorney of an odious monopoly.

W. W. Belknap, Republican Secretary of War under President Grant. Impeached for receiving bribes from post-traders. Saved by a technical plea and a disagreement.

Tom Brady, Republican Assistant Postmaster-General. Indicted with others for conspiracy to rob the Government through the Star-route frauds. Acquitted by virtue of the imbecility of the prosecution.

Ottman and his associates, indicted for stealing $45,000 from the Treasury Department. Instead of being convicted, received back the stolen money which had been recovered by the Government and made a "divide."

A host of internal revenue officers and others who have robbed the Government and are now living on the stolen money.

The G. O. P., which can show such a splendid record of the punishment of its own rascals, may well claim to be continued in power and saved from "the blighting sirocco of Democratic rapacity."—*N. Y. World.*

—A little girl in New York State has collected nine hundred newspaper headings.

Bartholdi's Great Statue.

The immense scaffolding that can be seen in the direction of the Rue de Chaselles, reaching over the highest houses in the neighborhood, on close examination displays the lines of a human form, and the gigantic folds of the robe that drapes it. It is in truth a statue, the greatest that was ever constructed up to the present time—the statue of Liberty which the sculptor Bartholdi conceived, and which is destined to serve as a beacon at the entrance to the port of New York. From eighty to ninety artisans are kept constantly employed upon the work. The statue is already completed up to the chest. Perhaps in its present condition it can be seen to the best advantage. Its extraordinary proportions can be viewed, and, as it is not completed, it is possible to take in all the details of the construction of this gigantic work, which will probably remain unequaled among the works of bronze. The plaster molds of the enormous limbs thrown across the yard, and the busy workmen covering them with innumerable pieces of wood that reproduce all the contours and lines remind one of the well-known scene of Gulliver at Liliput. The men look like tiny dwarfs endeavoring to bind a giant. And if by a miracle that great hand could become alive and simply open its closed fingers, all that solid wood-work would fly in splinters, and the immense scaffolding itself would come down like a castle of cards.

The first model was enlarged four times. Then it was cut into slices, and these slices are taken one after the other and again enlarged to four times their original size, and thus the dimensions of the colossal statue are obtained. At present the workmen are engaged upon the portion that forms the chest. The model of it can be seen in the shed. It looks like a little hill, over which the men are constantly crossing. When the draught or model of a portion is made, impressions are taken of it. In order to do this it is necessary to gather together hundreds of little planks, cut precisely upon the outlines of the model, and in this way a woman mold is obtained, and is divided into as many fragments as are necessary. Upon these fragments the copper is cut and hammered until it copies the precise forms. Then Chinese gongs would not make a greater noise than is made all day long in the corner of the shed where the copper is hammered, and this continuous and deafening noise contributes not a little to the strange impression that one gets from the visit.

When the shaping of a piece of the copper is completed it becomes a part of the statue, and there is nothing further to do with it except to put it in its place. Just now they are engaged in the work of finishing the left hand. The nail on the first finger would make a good-sized shield. The top of the finger would make a helmet for the largest head, and, in default of a better cuirass, William the Conquerer, who passed for the biggest man of his time, might easily get into one of the phalanges.

In six months the whole work will be finished. There remain only the chest and left arm to complete. The head, which is large enough to contain forty people, has already been exhibited, in 1876, and the right hand has just come back from America, where it was sent to give some little idea of the great size of the statue. After the Parisians have had ample time to admire the work it will be taken down and sent to New York in more than three hundred pieces.—*Paris Temps.*

A Thief as a Witness.

"Yes," said the old prosecuting lawyer, "we have some pretty sharp witnesses to handle sometimes. These thieves get so they can dodge a question very successfully if they don't wish to answer it. I remember once I had a well-known thief on the stand as witness against another thief. I was pretty sure he wouldn't testify to the truth, but I determined that if he did not I would convict him of perjury. I wanted to prove that there were less than a dozen persons in a certain room at the time the theft was committed, and that the defendant was one of them. It was my purpose to show to the jury that the defendant and this witness were the only persons not of excellent repute in the room at the time, and thus heighten the probability of defendant's guilt.

"How many persons were in the room when you and defendant were in?" I asked.

"'Between three and four hundred,' said he.

"I knew I could prove by every other witness that there were only ten or eleven, and it struck me I would do the public a service by giving this witness full opportunity to perjure himself. I asked the stenographer to read the question and answer, and asked the witness if that was his answer. He said it was. 'Now, sir,' said I, 'on your oath you say there were between three and four hundred persons in that room?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you know the law relating to perjury?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you know that I intend to send you to the penitentiary if you persist in swearing thus falsely?'

"'You can't do it; I am telling you truth,' said he, as cool as a yellow dog under an ice-wagon. "I piled the thing up on him mountain high; asked him all the questions I could think of that would tie him tight. As soon as possible after that I had him indicted for perjury, and on trial he beat me sky-high."

"How on earth did he do that?"

"Why, he simply swore that he meant there were between three persons and four hundred in the room. And that let him out. He was a quick one at repartee, too. I asked him a question, and, as he wanted to gain time to think it over, he pretended he didn' hear me. 'Perhaps,' said I, sarcastically, 'I'd better write the question; may be you can't hear.' 'No,' said he, in the same tone, 'perhaps I'd better hear it; may be you can't write.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

—Do not allow the plants to be robbed of both food and moisture by worthless weeds, and more of them can be destroyed in one day, when they are small, than in ten after they are well rooted and cover the ground.—*Exchange.*